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M. Torney's Address

ON

RELIGIOUS INTOLERANCE

AND

RELIGIOUS PROSCRIPTION.

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ADDRESS

ON

RELIGIOUS INTOLERANCE

AND

POLITICAL PROSCRIPTION,

DELIVERED AT LANCASTER, PA., ON THE EVENING
OF THE 24TH OF SEPTEMBER.

BY

JOHN W. FORNEY.

WASHINGTON.

1855.

After the Address had been pronounced, GEORGE M. STEINMAN, Esq., rose and said :

Ladies and Gentlemen : I am sure that I only repeat the wishes of this large and respectable assemblage, composed as it is of those who have heretofore differed in politics, when I ask that the following resolution may be adopted.

“ Resolved, that the thanks of this meeting are hereby warmly tendered to Col. JOHN W. FORNEY, for his masterly and eloquent Address, and that he be requested to furnish a copy for publication.

The resolution was adopted by acclamation.

ADDRESS.

I SHOULD hardly be sincere if I did not acknowledge the emotions which this assemblage inspires. The events of years pass like a procession before my eyes, as I stand face to face with so many of my old associates. The familiar friends of bygone days, the scenes of childhood, the slow advance to man's estate, crowd upon me in this presence, the unforgotten realities which have too often filled my dreams of home. Change and Time have, however, done their work. And although I cannot say with the sad and hapless poet,

“I came, but they had passed away,
The fair in form, the pure in mind;
And like a stricken deer I stray,
Where all are strange and none are kind;”

Still the dread destroyer has been busy in your midst. More than one gallant spirit has lowered his lofty head in the grave. More than one aspiring intellect has fallen by the wayside; and in the brave column of life, constantly essaying to overcome the obstacles which impede our pathway to the tomb, there are many vacant places. I miss the matchless genius and

the unchallenged eloquence of the child of sorrow, Barton, now shrouded in the embrace of that ocean which he loved so well. The "gifted Montgomery is in his grave. "After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well." And many more have followed them! Some have gone to far-off lands in search of fortune; some have passed into the pressure and perils of the surging and tempestuous world; and one, the high in heart, the patriotic and the just, remains at the proudest court in Europe, a monument of the intellect and statesmanship of our beloved country. It may well be conceived, therefore, with what singular interest I return to the beautiful spot from which ten years since I took my departure to other scenes.

More than two centuries ago, a titled British family rejoiced over the birth of a son. In early boyhood, at the tender age of twelve, he heard the voice of the future through a Quaker sermon, and was expelled his father's house, to choose between a pure conscience and unbounded wealth. Forgiven this first offence, he was sent to the exciting scenes of Continental Europe, and there gleaned from the cultivated and classic fields of travel many of those rich stores which served him so well in after life. Educated in the law, finished in many of the accomplishments of polite literature, a gentleman in exterior, and of a fine presence, young William Penn must have been fully confirmed in the great ideas which have made his name immortal, to adhere to them in the face of so many temptations. Life was before the

young student and philosopher—a life of wealth and preferment; of honor and of ease. A gay court with all its varnished vice and gilded folly; fond parents, and a circle of admiring friends, he had but to choose for himself, to live and die in the midst of splendid luxury. But God had cared for him. “He was early called.” The armor of his soul was too bright to be corrupted by the breath of ambition; too strong to be penetrated by the influences of sensuality. Twice expelled from his father’s house, and twice incarcerated for his religious sentiments, his conscientious firmness and fidelity were proof alike to persecution and to praise; and when he emerged from prison for the last time, he had compelled respect in the highest circles, and had so effectually conquered the prejudices of his family, that he was received with all the warmth of restored affection and pride. About this period his attention was directed, by the sufferings of the people in the Old World, to the exciting fields of adventure in the New. Two years before he came to these shores, he proclaimed his creed in those memorable words before the British House of Commons, when he appealed against the persecutions of the Catholics: “We must give the liberty we ask,” he said; “we cannot be false to our principles, though it were to relieve ourselves; *for we would have none to suffer for dissent on any hand.*”

If William Penn could now return to the banks of the Delaware,—to the same spot upon which, in 1683, he made his first treaty with the Indians—he would

be startled at the amazing harvest which has rewarded his patience, his perseverance, and his Christian courage. Under the holy shade of that stately elm, which, after standing more than one hundred and fifty years in the midst of the generations that have succeeded him, has at last given way before the strides of a Herculean progress, he laid the foundations of Pennsylvania upon the broad principle of "*recognizing the equal rights of humanity.*" And behold the result! The little colony, first confined to the three Counties of Philadelphia, Delaware, and Chester, has gradually expanded her limits, until the eternal ridges of the Alleghanies divide but do not separate her domains; the Ohio rolling along her western boundaries; the Delaware traversing her eastern borders for hundreds of miles; the Susquehanna rising near the line which separates her from New York in the north, and then coursing through the interior of the State, pours its eternal flood in the capacious bosom of the Chesapeake in the south; Virginia and Ohio on the west; and herself the Keystone of that Federal Arch which spans the horizon, and is hailed by the people of the world as the promise of Redemption.

The gold which Raleigh sought and found not;—the treasures which tempted Drake to his hazardous voyages—the followers of Penn have discovered, in another shape, in the mountains of Pennsylvania. The tedious navigation which detained him three months on his way to his colony, has been succeeded

by the god of Steam, which has bridged the Atlantic with palaces. The primitive pack-horse of the seventeenth century has been followed by the application of electricity, which unites distant points in an instant of time, and circles the earth daily with one continuous and unbroken chorus to the names of Franklin and of Morse.

Such are briefly some of the victories of the peaceful and republican example of the great hero of religious freedom and political equality, from whom we are proud to derive our name.

But if these are among the material and practical benefits which have compensated the labors and the sacrifices of this enlightened philanthropist and statesman, the iron pen of impartial history must write of other results, which are far from being harmonious with the illustrious beginning. The hand upon the dial-plate of Time seems suddenly to have been moved backward to the dark ages of history. The intolerance, rebuked by Penn, is flagrantly renewed in our midst; and opinions, not rights, are made the test of citizenship. We find unchurched clergymen contending in the party field; proscriptive demagogues ignoring all the ideas of genuine patriotism; and the immunities secured by the sacred blood and the written constitutions of the past, postponed or sacrificed by a narrow and a bigoted Nativism, which, like a rank weed that grows in the dark, or luxuriates between the walls of a prison, is baleful to the eye and poisonous to the touch. We are rapidly unlearn-

ing the great lessons taught by history ; and we find a party in our midst intent upon the establishment of the same tyranny from which our fathers fled.

But let us explore the labyrinth of this midnight party with the searching lamp of Experience and of Truth. It was religious intolerance in the Old World which settled these shores. The revocation of the Edict of Nantes, impelled the persecuted multitudes of Europe to the original settlements of Pennsylvania, and the benign and amicable policy of William Penn assured to them peace and prosperity through enduring ages. It is true that a Catholic King revoked the great edict of 1598, but it is no less true that in the sanguinary events which followed its repeal, Protestant persecutions were alike numerous and bloody. Pennsylvania, however, deserves especial remembrance, because in all her history up to the present hour, all creeds have been protected in their civil and political franchises. Unlike the Puritans of New England, who, flying from the terrors of English bigotry, were not themselves able, in their new home, to tolerate the disciples of the moral hero Roger Williams, or the Quakers who came after them, the pure and tranquil sects who first inhabited Pennsylvania secured to others the rights which they themselves enjoyed. The leaders in the early settlement of this region, were the placid and unoffending Menonites. Then came the Moravians, the Dunkers, the Scotch Presbyterians, and the Lutherans. Here was not only a commingling of ideas, but of distinct races of men.

It seems as if God had, in advance, set his seal of reprobation upon all contracted creeds. For not only has he obliterated the preponderance of a single nation among the various tribes of mankind on these shores—thus ignoring all the claims of Saxon and of Norman—but he has moulded into one brotherhood those conflicting creeds which have filled Europe with war through centuries of time. Tell me, oh, modern Know Nothing! if it is from this example you gather encouragement in your present warfare. Tell me, as you pass through the fertile fields of this, the loveliest land my eyes have ever seen,—as you behold the generous soil yielding to the wants of man,—as you see poverty banished like a foul fiend, from this increasing and happy population,—whether, on every hand, you do not see the monuments which time has reared to the great idea of political and religious liberty? Or do you desire, in the inconceivable infatuation of your policy, to prepare the future for the very horrors from which your forefathers escaped, and but for which, the proscribed children of Adam would have found no resting-place on God's footstool?

Hostility to the foreigner and to the adopted citizen is a principal element of the creed of a lately successful organization. The rapid defeat of that organization is, however, the best assurance that this, one of the main delusions upon which it has existed, is almost faded out. I have seen men who were, at one time, hostile to railroads; and it is an historical fact, that Columbus and Gallileo, were both, at first, regarded as

impostors by the jealous and ignorant leaders of public opinion. The early improvements in machinery led to the most alarming riots in England; and it is not many years since high protective duties were regarded by intelligent men, as essential to our national progress. But if “passing away” was ever written upon any opinions, this may be said of the errors of the secret party. Every great advance in the arts and sciences, political or social, assists to an incredible extent the best interests of humanity. And what is true of principles, is true of the men who utter or advocate those principles. However an occasional panic may overtake our laboring classes, or an occasional fanaticism tempt our political leaders, because of the increase of emigrants, and of competition between foreign and native-born mechanics, all experience shows, that as fast as we have foreign mouths to consume, we have foreign hands to produce; that, as rapidly as one branch of industry is filled up, another is created; and that every department of labor and of traffic, is more or less indebted to foreign intellect for additions to its resources.

But we stand too near the graves of the illustrious dead to indulge this narrow fanaticism against the foreigner. We are still within the portals of the Revolutionary Pantheon—within the influence of that sacred temple, which grateful memory has erected in every true American heart; and why should we yield ourselves captive to this ignorant delusion? There are still living those who have taken the illustrious

Washington by the hand; who have beheld the manly form of the Frenchman, Lafayette; who have heard familiar tales of Montgomery, of De Kalb, of Kosciusko, and of Steuben. Let the curtain of Time first fall upon these relics of the past, before we profane the age with that mockery of patriotism, which stamps us as ingrate to the noblest impulses of our nature. I appeal from the lips of those who deal in the phrases of proscription, to their own hearts. Where is the Know Nothing, who knows so little, that he does not thrill at the name of some heroic foreigner, who fell for our flag on some fatal field? Is there one so cased in bigotry, that he can hear the war-cry of the German, Steuben, shouted in that broken English, which is so much "broken music," of "Brudren, Forwärts!" without feeling his pulse beat quicker and the hot blood coursing through his veins? Show me the man, however steeped in the oaths of this midnight order, who will go back with me to that little hillock near Camden, South Carolina, where the brave De Kalb lies sleeping, and will not feel his eyes suffused with tears, and his lips unconsciously murmuring the prayer over that holy grave, which fell from Washington when he beheld it for the last time: "So, there lies the brave De Kalb, the generous stranger, who left a foreign land to fight our battles, and to water with his blood the tree of our liberty! Would to God he had lived to share its fruits." A foreigner! my countrymen. Go to the nearest graveyard, and, like Old Mortality, redeem the fading

letters on all the tombs which mark the resting-places of the long-gone fathers of your beautiful city; and will you not find many, ay, will you not find some whose blood still runs in the veins of the present generation, who, while living, did not hesitate to march into the “red throat of battle” and to dare the worst for the children who now revile them, in reviling others as “foreigners?”

But these Know Nothings confess their faults in their feelings in other respects. There is not one who has a soul in his body, who can hear the foreign air of the Marsellaise Hymn, that grand lyric which has so often rung like a thunder trump in the ears of dying despotism, without rising to a higher stature, and for a moment to an almost God-like sympathy. There is not one who can hear the Irish “Erin-go-bragh,” or the war-cry of “Scots wha hae wie Wallace bled,” or the German songs of *Freiligrath*, or even the poor Italian’s appeal to arms, without being stirred by the instinct which tells us that “*one touch of nature makes the whole world kin.*”

Nay, take this misled and infatuated Know Nothing to a far-off foreign land—to the land filled by those whom he would exclude, like lepers, from these foreign-settled shores; and let the oppressed and the lowly—the weary, and the heavy laden—the hewers of wood and the drawers of water—those, mark ye, created by the same Father—God, and born to the same immortal destiny with ourselves;—let them hear that he, even he, the Know Nothing, comes from this

American Republic; and how soon his paltry and pitiful, and most unworthy prejudices will vanish before the tears that will welcome his coming, and the prayers that will follow his departure. Oh! my countrymen! this counterfeit Americanism, now so praised and vaunted, would be a poor bauble, a false jewel, a painted cheat, in a scene so natural and so inspiring as this.

It would, however, be rare baseness, if while we refuse equal companionship with foreign-born men, we should yet hold on to foreign thoughts and foreign inventions. To be just to this creed of injustice—to be consistent in its inconsistency—to be true to its false philosophy—we should imitate the example of the barbarian Omar, and make of our foreign literature a bonfire that would outshine the sun himself. A similar fate should befall all those astounding foreign discoveries in science and mechanics, which have conferred such incalculable benefits upon the American people. This would not probably be a task of difficult accomplishment, after the recent humane conflagration at Louisville.

I am not here to recount the history of the services rendered to our common country by the adopted citizens. If they had not been familiar before, recent and continued discussion had displayed them in enduring colors. The gratitude of the country, never slow to speak out, has found new utterance through a thousand eloquent American tongues. Genius has illustrated the pages of unchallenged history, and Poetry

has woven her choicest garlands to deck the tombs of the honored dead. We need no Westminster Abbey to preserve their names to an endless posterity. When they are forgotten, Freedom herself will have perished upon these, the scenes of her past victories and her present splendor.

Is there any spectacle more gratifying than that of a generous, high-toned, and warm-hearted man,—one who lives only to love and labor for his fellow-beings—one who shares his store with the distressed, protects the poor from want, and kindles against oppression? How all your hearts go out to him! How you worship him living and mourn him dead! Look now at another picture, and behold the man who has grown great upon your bounty, who has filled his pockets from yours, and who boasts a wide domain, blushing with luscious fruits, gorgeous in waving harvests, cooled by delightful streams, and rich with fat flocks, “lowing upon many hills.” The wanderer comes to his door in vain; the weary traveller asks a cup of water, and is refused with curses; the wayfarer, lost in the storm and freezing with cold, is spurned from his door like a living plague. Even the brave man who has aided him to keep out the wild beast from his manor, and has risked his life to shield him from harm—even he is forgotten in the hour of his utmost need. Such an ingrate is the individual type of the degradation to which a fatal proscription would doom our happy country:—a degradation almost without a name—a degradation unrelieved by

a single ray of magnanimity, gratitude, hospitality, or even humanity. Never be it said that this fair estate of Freedom, shall be turned into a den of evil prejudices and passions; that it shall be closed like a feudal castle, with its drawbridge up, its portcullis down, and its battlements crowded with the swarming myriads of bigotry, armed to repel the fugitives from despotism—our brothers flying before the man-hunters of the earth—our fellow-beings, broken with the storms of persecution, who come to worship God as did our fathers of old, in their hour of travail, “under their own vine and fig-tree, with none to molest or make them afraid.”

But if this cannot be, and if to be foreign-born is to be ostracised, will those who believe in the justice of this wrong,—will they give back to the adopted citizens, who have fallen for our flag and our country, their happy homes and firesides? Will they restore them to their fatherland? Tell me not that this is impossible, while, in the same breath, you ask a proud and grateful people to forget that they mounted to prosperity and power upon the graves of the voluntary defenders of that freedom, which present proscription would limit and define. For, if the one be impossible to the economy of human existence, the other should be even more impossible, in the only free country on earth.

The effect upon society of this new proscription, has already been most injurious. What do you think of a section like the following, taken from the National Know Nothing Ritual? “That you will in all

political matters, so far as this Order is concerned, comply with the will of the majority, though it may conflict with your personal preference." This is part of the oath taken by all who become members of the Secret Order. Upon the face of it, however, it conveys a gross deceit. The practice of that Order, as abundant experience has shown, is, not only that the will of the midnight majority shall control in politics, but in all things; and this, notwithstanding the attempt to show that the Order does not propose interference outside of the party arena. One of the first features of the obligation is, that all citizens having Catholic wives are to be disfranchised, so far as the Order can effect that result. Here, it will be seen at a glance, is not only an edict against the rights of conscience in the female, but a prohibition upon all Protestants who may belong to the Order, never to marry into the Catholic Church. This oath, which controls both the social and the political interests of the members, is susceptible of diversified and fatal application. The majority of the Order, having set themselves up to control the most sacred relation of society, can descend to no lower deep. They may deprive the Democratic or Anti-Know Nothing Whig merchant of the means of his livelihood; they may, by pointing him out as an object of ostracism, by withholding from him their patronage, not only take from those dependent upon him the means of their support, but extend the circle of disaster by inflicting injury upon all his creditors.

Take a man in almost any other business, and the majority of the Know Nothings, in those communities where they possess the power, may compel the whole Order to proscribe and to crush him. There is at least one instance on record in which the followers of the Order interfered and ejected the management of a literary society in this State, to the almost ruinous detriment of the institution. What is to prevent them from expelling the directors of a bank or a savings institution, or even of a church, and of putting in their own creatures? Will they be withheld by the scorn and the indignation of society? No, my friends! They have already done that, to which even such deeds as these would be venial. Have you heard how they usurped the management of the Washington Monument at the Capitol of our beloved country; how, by a silent and a secret plot they disciplined their confederates, called an illegal meeting, out of place and virtually without notice to others, and proceeded to select a set of the fanatics of the Order as Managers, and to eject the distinguished men who had gratuitously, and for years, conducted the affairs of the monument with safety and success? Among those thus suddenly and silently displaced, were citizens like Winfield Scott, Peter Force, General Henderson, W. W. Seaton, W. W. Corcoran, and others equally deserving and responsible. The result was, that Congress refused to second the unanimous recommendation of the proper committee in the

House, that \$200,000 should be voted to complete the monument, and that the subscriptions of the people have almost entirely ceased. The noble shaft, gradually rising to its appointed height, seems to have been stricken as by an avenging Deity. The spot upon which it stands is as sterile and as deserted, as if it had been swept by the wing of a devastating angel. The hum of industry has ceased. And the grand and lofty column, not yet midway in its career to the clouds, seems to appeal to the hearts of the American people to rise from their stupor and take prompt and terrible retribution of the insulters of the glorious dead.

Let us now proceed to the consideration of the frightful oaths imposed by this Order, upon all its members, and the penalty of their violation.

There can be no offence more harrowing than that of perjury. The vow taken in the sight of God, and broken in the sight of man, corrodes in the conscience forever. Perjury is the apparition which compels the corrupt witness to speak the truth and the whole truth. Perjury is the keen vengeance which pursues the shrinking guilty soul through all the avenues of life, and is satiated only when that soul escapes to its God. But who would have believed, before this midnight conspiracy afflicted our country, that a political party would assume the right to enforce its extra-judicial oaths, by holding over its victims the terror of perjury? Who ever heard before that a man's hope of redemption was lost, because he would not or could

not fulfil a vow to proscribe his fellow-being?—because he would not drive home the steel whetted to assassinate the reputation of his uninitiated friend,—because he had fled from the recesses of an underground lodge, which had been dedicated to intolerance and wrong? And yet it is notorious, that the admitted member of the Order is oath-bound to obey its decrees on penalty of “*being denounced as a wilful traitor to his God and his country,*” and that he is next assured by the high priest of the conspiracy, that for the violation of his oaths, “*the deep and blighting stain of perjury will rest on his soul.*” I have already specified some of the works to which he is committed from the moment he enters one of these caves of persecution, and which he must accomplish, or be “denounced as a traitor to God and his country.” It is a new thing in the history of American parties, to see men assuming obligations to proscribe others, their equals and often their neighbors, and consenting to the imputation of perjury, should they fail or falter in this pious pastime.

Men have taken oaths to destroy their country’s oppressors, and Heaven has approved the act. The august ceremonial which inaugurated and completed the Declaration of Independence, was made in the sight of an approving God, and if ever such approval was given it consecrated that immortal vow. But are our fellow-freemen, whom we meet in the daily walks of life, oppressors and enemies, that we should crawl into corners to take oaths against them, failing

in which the sin of perjury is to rest on our souls? No good angel blesses such irreverence; no virtue is to be saved by it;—no right protected;—and no wrong made right.

But I will ask whether the profane oath I have quoted, and the equally profane assumption of punishing the violation of such an oath, should not call down the thunders of indignant protest from every Christian pulpit in the land? Instead of turning their thoughts upon the imaginary dangers of a distant prelate, whose power to affect our happy institutions, would be as ineffectual as the attempt of the naked King of the Mosquito Coast to capture Gibraltar; instead of inciting a political party in its work of denunciation and disfranchisement,—as has been the case with too many of the professing followers of the meek and lowly Saviour,—I humbly refer them to the spectacle of vast multitudes of men, wallowing in the most reckless oaths, glorying in the most abandoned persecutions, and arrogantly assuming the right to punish rebellion to their standard, by hurling the anathema of perjury, as if they were delegated vicegerents of God on earth.

Surely no American citizen, however deeply prejudiced against an opposing creed, can for a moment be misled by the plea that this midnight Order with all its professions, has advanced true religion. The ritual and the platform of the Order both declare belief in “a Supreme Being” as an essential preliminary. But there is great reason to fear that the

managers want nobody else to worship God save themselves, and that their idea of a deity is of one who expects to be propitiated by acts of deceit and shame. A party which excludes a Catholic and admits a Mormon, which does not hesitate to follow the lead of many whose deeds and words are at war with every idea of religion, such a party cannot long delude any portion of intelligent citizens with empty professions of piety.

Nay, if there be perjury anywhere, those who violate an obligation like the following in the Pennsylvania Bill of Rights, will have some trouble to purge themselves.

“That all men have a natural and indefeasible right to worship God Almighty, according to the dictates of their own conscience; that no man can, of right, be compelled to attend, erect, or support any place of worship, or to maintain any ministry against his consent; that no human authority can in any case whatever, control or interfere with the rights of conscience; and that no preference be given to any religious establishments or modes of worship.

“That no person who acknowledges the being of a God and a future state of rewards and punishments, shall, on account of his religious sentiments, be disqualified to hold any office or place of trust or profit under this Commonwealth.”

I beg of you to contrast this with the oath of the midnight Order. We are told it is perjury in a Know Nothing to violate that oath. And here is an obliga-

tion more solemn, more binding, more essential to society, which in some of its parts is set at nought by thousands of Know Nothings; and this, too, without complaint or condemnation from those ministers of the Gospel who belong to the Order, and who themselves practise the evil they should condemn in others.

It has been said that, while the adopted citizen takes an oath to support, the Know Nothing takes an oath to violate the American Constitution. And the fruits of this recklessness are full of terrible significance. A direct result of the secret obligations of the Order, may be found in the bloody tumults of Louisville, and in the excesses of the Know Nothings in other large cities. To such an extent has public indignation been excited against the profane and familiar resort to extra-judicial oaths, and the invariable appeal to force and fraud at the ballot boxes, that in portions of the Union the Order has deliberately discarded alike its secrecy and its obligations. This has been the case in Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, and South Carolina. The very fact that the oath of the Order, tends to bring into contempt the higher obligations imposed by the constitution and the laws, proves that it is not binding upon those who are deluded into an assumption of it. But it is no less clear that in many places this oath, imposed with all the forms of midnight secrecy, has had a disastrous effect upon those who have accepted it. So far from contributing to the strength of the Order, it has been one of the principal causes of its rapid decay. Resorted to for the purpose

of consummating the schemes of men who could not obtain advancement from other parties, but who were able to pack majorities in these secret societies, it became a galling yoke to the more respectable members, and, as may be well conceived, has ended by driving out the best and leaving the lodges in the control of the worst. Nay, take a member of this Order, one who is known to have accepted its obligations, and suddenly demand of him whether he is attached to it, and observe with how much confusion and shame he will attempt to deny, or indirectly admit the fact. That ministers of God should, in the ostensible desire of promoting the spread of the doctrines of Christianity, embark with those who are committed to these obligations; that they should cheerfully assume companionship with men besotted in intellect and led captive by vice and fraud; and that they should sit silent and see not only their Catholic fellow beings but their own neighbors (even those concurring with them in religious belief who do not belong to the Order), stricken down or marked out as it were for execution, almost passes comprehension. It cannot be doubted that the manner in which these obligations have been insisted upon and the violence with which the demands of the pledged midnight majority have been consummated, has contributed to change many of these lodges into Pandemoniums upon earth; controlled, not by intellect and by virtue, but by men who have become skilled in the practices at first so bitterly denounced by their leaders and now almost

entirely abandoned by the old parties. Oaths employed to sanction and strengthen practices like these are null and void in the sight of Heaven as soon as they are taken; and the frequency with which they are repudiated by those who have reluctantly assumed them, shows conclusively that the idea of their binding efficacy is being rapidly dissipated. Shakspeare expresses the whole doctrine in the second part of King Henry VI.

“ It is a great sin to swear unto a sin,
 But a greater sin to keep a sinful oath.
 Who can be bound by any solemn vow
 To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,
 To force a spotless virgin’s chastity,
 To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
 To wring the widow from her customary right;
 And have no other reason for this wrong
 But that he was bound by solemn vow?”

Nothing so deeply disgraces this whole secret movement as its religious intolerance, except the falsehood and pertinacity with which this intolerance is denied by those most prominent in the wrong. The course which has been pursued towards the members of the Catholic Church in the State of Pennsylvania, beginning with Mr. Chandler, of Philadelphia, who was at once repudiated after a life of signal purity and usefulness, only because he was a member of this church, is familiar to all your minds. And yet in the face of such persistent and exceptionless outrages, we find almost the entire press of the Order, and

nearly all their orators, declaring that they are in favor of the widest religious freedom. In other words, while seeking to disfranchise those who are Catholics, and indeed while carrying the threat of disfranchisement into execution, they coolly tell their victims that all this is intended for their good. It is a remarkable circumstance, going to show how the doctrine of religious liberty was appreciated in other days, that, in the treaty between the United States and France, by which the former acquired the splendid territory of Louisiana, Napoleon insisted that the rights of conscience should be preserved to the Catholics throughout all the vast domain brought into the Union under that celebrated Convention. When the First Consul gave his sanction to this treaty he declared to Marbois: "This accession of territory strengthens forever the power of the United States; and I have just given to England a maritime rival that will sooner or later humble her pride." And as if to stamp the great doctrine of religious liberty upon the legislation of the present day, the treaty of Guadaloupe Hidalgo, by which California and New Mexico, another refuge for oppressed humanity, were added to the American Union, contains a clause similar to that referred to in the Louisiana treaty. Strange to say that in all the regions covered by both these treaties, Know Nothingism defiantly rears its banner of proscription, and, even while denying hostility to a particular creed, persecutes all who do not belong to the Protestant Church. As if to mark still further the arrogance

and oppression of this feature in the Ritual of the secret Order, Catholicity is the crime which condemns alike the native and the foreign-born citizen. The posterity of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, now among the oldest residents of Maryland, are as completely excluded for their religion by the Know Nothings, as if they were the foreign-born cardinals who cluster round the Pope of Rome.

He who denounces the Church of Rome, whether born under a foreign sky or refusing to acknowledge the existence of a Supreme Being, is admitted to full communion and sometimes to distinguished leadership. It is in vain to say to the controversialists who lead in this movement against a religious denomination, that they are exciting the sympathies of all liberal men in favor of those whom they persecute. It is in vain to say that, as they propose to heap disabilities upon the Catholic in this country, the Protestant monarchies of Europe are gradually making him the equal of other denominations. Like the infatuated men who would destroy our Union in the miserable hope of setting free the negroes of the South, they will not desist in their work of proscription until public opinion shall compel them to submit to its decrees, and the majorities they have excited against the Catholic shall in turn be gathered in defence of his religious rights. The immortal words of the celebrated Protestant divine, Dr. Chalmers, in 1829, cannot be too often reproduced to show that religious proscription is sure to react in favor of the sect proscribed, and to the damage

of those who resort to that dangerous weapon. He demanded the emancipation of the Catholics in the following language :

“The truth is that these disabilities” (against the Catholics) “have hung as a dead-weight around the Protestant cause for more than a century. They have enlisted in opposition to it some of the most unconquerable principles of our nature ; resentment because of injury, and the pride of adherence to a suffering cause. They have transformed the whole nature of the contest, and by so doing, they have rooted and given tenfold obstinacy to error. They have given to our side the hateful aspect of tyranny ; while on theirs we behold a generous and high-minded resistance to what they deem oppression. They have transformed a nation of heretics into a nation of heroes. We could have refuted and shamed the heretic out of his errors, but we cannot bring down the hero from his altitude ; and thus it is that from the first introduction of the heterogeneous element into the question, the cause of truth has gone backward. It has ever since been met by the unyielding defiance of a people irritated but not crushed, under a sense of indignity ; and this notable expedient for keeping down the Popery of Ireland has only compressed it into a firmness and closed it into a phalanx which till opened up by emancipation, we shall find to be impenetrable.”

There is not a Know Nothing leader in any portion of Pennsylvania who is not in the habit of exaggerating the power of the Pope, particularly in those

quarters where the members of the Methodist and Baptist persuasions are in the majority. To show the remarkable pertinacity with which this delusion is maintained, it is only necessary to say that the falsehood in reference to the appointment of the Honorable James Campbell as a member of the cabinet of President Pierce having been made to gratify the Pope, is as solemnly and seriously insisted upon as if the story from which it grew (the alleged conversation between Mr. Barringer, American minister at Madrid under Mr. Fillmore's administration, and the Pope's nuncio at the court of Spain), had not been formally contradicted by Mr. Barringer himself. The Pope,—who is supposed to be all-powerful,—who is supposed to control kingdoms and monarchies,—who is supposed to exercise unlimited control over the spiritual and temporal concerns of all the adherents of the Catholic Church,—is, at this moment, maintained upon his throne by foreign bayonets; in a word, protected against the Catholics of Italy in their efforts to throw off the fetters of monarchical power, by the armies of the Emperor of France.

This phantom of Catholic or Papal influence might be happily illustrated, if honest answers could be returned to the following questions:—Have we ever had a Catholic Governor of Pennsylvania? How many Catholics have ever been elected to the Legislature of Pennsylvania? How many Catholics have been elected to Congress from Pennsylvania? How many have been elected to county offices in the

respective counties in this State? When these questions are answered, a sum total of Catholic influence will be presented that must suffuse the cheek of the Know Nothing calumniators with shame.

Now look at the influence of the Catholic Church in several other States. Maryland, where the Roman Catholic Church first gained a foothold, now contains 807 Protestant churches and only 65 Catholic congregations. In Florida, where the Catholics made an early settlement, there are 170 Protestants and only 5 Catholic churches. Louisiana was settled by the Catholics, and they now have but 55 churches in the State while the Protestants have 247 congregations. In Texas the Catholics were the first sect in point of time; they now have 13 churches and the Protestants report 307 societies in that State. The number of Episcopal, Lutheran, and Roman Catholic churches is nearly the same throughout the country; but each of the three denominations have about one-eleventh of the number of Methodists, scarcely one-eighth of the Baptists, and not one-fourth of the Presbyterians. The entire Protestant population of the country compared with the Catholic is about as twelve to one. What folly then is it to attempt to excite prejudices against the Democratic party because it does not hesitate to protect the members of the Catholic persuasion in their religious rights, because it stands up for freedom of conscience in this harmless minority! And what folly also to attempt to show that the head of the Church, almost politically powerless at Rome, is clothed

with influence to degrade and to destroy the liberties of the American people.

There is a remarkable similarity between Abolitionism and Know Nothingism, and particularly in reference to the subject of religion. Wherever Abolitionism has obtained a foothold in the North, it has invaded the Christian Church; it has sown the seeds of discontent and of division among Protestants; it has converted clergymen into political managers; it has already severed the Protestant Church into hostile organizations. We have seen the annual meetings of Protestant congregations, convulsed with the discussion of slavery by run-mad clergymen, who, in their anxiety to encourage the immediate emancipation of the slaves of the South, have forgotten the Divine example of their great Master, whose mission was proclaimed to be, "Peace on earth and goodwill among men." Observe the effect of religious intolerance upon these same denominations. I could, if I were desirous of doing so, point you to a number of Protestant churches in this State, which have been divided by the influence of Know Nothingism. I could point you to cases in which the members of certain congregations have refused to sit under the preachings of Know Nothing clergymen, and have left their churches in disgust, some to join other denominations, some to call other pastors to minister to their spiritual wants. This circumstance goes to show that, while an attempt is made to combine all other religious denominations against the Catholic Church, for reasons which I have

shown to be most absurd, the very denominations thus sought to be combined, are torn with all manner of dissensions, and perverted in too many cases to other objects than those which should control Christian organizations. And suppose the Catholic Church should be destroyed by this crusade; how long would it be before an attack would be made upon the Methodist persuasion? We all know the bitterness entertained against that persuasion by certain other denominations. We all know the bitterness entertained against Presbyterians by other Christian sects. It is not long since an onset was made upon the Episcopal Church. And if I were disposed to go into an examination of the various arguments urged against the Baptists or the Unitarians, I could present a most startling picture to establish the fact that it requires but a signal to enlist as violent an opposition against these organizations, as that which now excites the bigots against the Catholic Church. So that it will be perceived, while Abolitionism marks its career not only by forcible resistance to the statutes of Congress, but in filling Christian denominations with discord and unhappiness by giving prominence to infidels like Garrison and to traitors like Wendell Phillips; on the other hand Know Nothingism, imitating closely the example of its dark ally, writes its record in the bloodiest defiance of the most solemn covenants of law and of religion. Nor should it be forgotten that the very men now foremost in this onset of proscription, now hunting down the Catholics as if they were so many wild

beasts, were the leaders of a movement, only three years ago, by which the Democratic party was sought to be committed to a policy hostile to those citizens who are attached to the Catholic Church, and particularly to those of foreign birth. It is only necessary for me to refer to the manner in which the advocates of General Scott, in 1852, attempted to traduce President Pierce, because the Constitution of the State of New Hampshire contained a clause against Catholics, which he had laboriously and long, but vainly, attempted to remove.

The clause in the Know Nothing Constitution which prohibits a Catholic from holding office, and from an equal participation in religious rights, with citizens of other denominations, excludes *more than a million and a half of our native-born citizens*, that being the number of Native Americans who belong to the Catholic Church. So that the attempt to deceive the people by a cry of devotion to the principle that "America shall be governed by Americans," is exploded by the fact that a million and a half of Americans who happen to be Catholics are formally excluded from office,—ay, and from the right to vote, if Know Nothingism shall prevail, by the Know Nothing Ritual. A distinguished delegate from the State of Louisiana, at the Philadelphia Know Nothing Convention, Mr. Gayerre, made the following appeal, which proved to be in vain, against the anti-Catholic clause in the Know Nothing Ritual :

“At once, therefore, I come to the question, and I

call your earnest attention to that clause in our constitution which excludes from any participation in our political rights more than a million and a half of our native citizens. I mean that part of the constitution which refers to Roman Catholics, and which (it is useless to disguise it) establishes what may be rightly called a religious test.

“Another question. If you retain in the constitution of the national council that feature which is proscriptive of Roman Catholics, you evidently sanction the exposition which Mr. Flourney has made of your doctrine—which is, that a party, by a free and independent exercise of the right of suffrage and the appointing power, may do what cannot be done by legislative enactment. Men of the South, you who are in the minority on so many questions in relation to rights which you hold dearer than your lives, are you ready to adopt as your platform, that a party, by a full and independent exercise of popular suffrage and of the appointing power, can do what cannot be done by legislative enactment? If you choose to answer in the affirmative, if you choose to open that fatal door, and admit the long train of spectral figures which I see eagerly waiting on the outside, all that I have to say is, that you are mad, and God in his mercy protect you! And to you, men of the North, I say, the love of power is sure to defeat itself, if it does not wear the veil of forbearance, and if it is not assisted by caution and discretion. Pause and reflect. It is time yet. The flag of the American

party is made, but it is not unfurled. Let us modify it so that every breeze of heaven may delight to sport with its glorious folds.

“But suppose that you have the constitutional power to reduce to political annihilation all those who profess the Roman Catholic creed in the United States—have you the moral right to use it? I beg you to consider that, as all foreigners, whether Catholics or Protestants, are to be excluded henceforward from office, the decree of degradation which you issue against Catholics applies only to your fellow-citizens of that creed, who are like you born on the soil. This gives still greater importance to the question, mind you are not in court.”

As to the question of naturalization, I do not deem it necessary to go into its formal discussion. It has nearly been lost sight of in the collateral issues to which this excitement has given birth. Indeed, the action of some of the State Legislatures controlled by the members of this secret society shows that they do not regard the subject of limiting the term of naturalization as belonging to the Congress of the United States, but as a matter within State jurisdiction. At all events, the practice of many of the States of the Union, has been to control the right of suffrage independent of the law of Congress on this subject. We ought to be content with the term fixed and established at its present limit under Thomas Jefferson. When we recur to the example of other nations, we find, as in England, that naturalization is a slow, expensive, and tedious process.

Twenty-one years seems to be the extent of time fixed upon by the Know Nothing leaders, as the residence of a foreign-born citizen, before he can hereafter enjoy the right of suffrage. It is not my purpose now to repeat the argument, so often repeated and so familiar to the American people, that the effect of such a system would be to establish in our midst an alien and finally a hostile population. I need only refer to the effect of a movement based on such an idea, in various quarters of the Old World, and to the remarkable diminution of emigration, since the Know Nothings have commenced operations. Men do not come here merely for the purpose of improving their physical condition. Our broad prairies and unbroken forests are chiefly attractive to them, because our laws offer to the people of all the nations of the earth, the same advantages under which we ourselves prosper. And, hence, the attempt to extend the term necessary for naturalization must be based either in gross ignorance of human nature, or in the deepest hostility to our whole system of government;—in a word, in a desire to break down, by unnaturalized foreign hands, the very institutions which the Know Nothing order professes to be desirous of maintaining, by making “Americans rule America.” It would repay investigation, if some astute statistician would give us the result of a comparison between a country like ours, with liberal laws encouraging emigration, and those nations whose statute-books are loaded down with restrictions against it. The solution of the question, what would be our

present condition, socially and politically, had the law to facilitate emigration been repealed under General Washington, or rendered practically inoperative under John Adams and his successors in the Presidential Chair? would equally compensate the labors of the student, and the inquiries of the statesman.

Let us come now to the secret feature of the Know Nothing creed. Whenever I read a justification of this feature, I am at once impelled to ask how it would look upon the page of history that George Washington sought the darkest hour of night; that Thomas Jefferson shrouded his manly form like an Italian bravo; that Andrew Jackson crawled along the stifling alley; that Henry Clay stealthily sought the backdoor; that Daniel Webster disguised himself; and that all these craven devices were resorted to by those illustrious men, not to protect the people from a public foe, but to concert schemes against a minority of our own citizens who first saw the light of day in another land, or who sought their way to Heaven through forms of worship different from our own! Why, instead of being among the grandest figures in the history of our time; instead of living in the American memory the august representatives of the eras in which they moved; instead of being examples to the youth of America and of the whole liberal world; instead of being the ennobling subjects of eulogy in every land,—these great names would only be rescued from oblivion by the perpetual ridicule of intelligent historians. Our laws are publicly enacted

and publicly administered. The ballot is secret in some of States, not to proscribe but to preserve the rights of every portion of our citizens. Our Constitution was not concocted in secret. Our Declaration of Independence was not formed in secret. Our union is in no single sense a secret institution. But our forefathers fled from the secret crimes and secret punishments of despotism. They feared to worship God in public lest the unexpected blow of the tyrant should descend upon them. If they fled to the caves, his myrmidons followed them. If they sought protection under other European governments, his blood-hounds tracked them. The spy, the informer, the secret foe, were upon their footsteps. They came hither that they might find a refuge where they could enjoy religious freedom. Secrecy, it is quite true, becomes a safe refuge in the last resort when a brave people are crushed by oppression. But, as I said before, when discussing the necessity of the oath, do we groan under oppression in these States? What is there in our happy country to make men afraid of the light of day and of honest inquiry? Have we a conscript law that tears the husbandman from his plough, the father from his family, the son from his widowed mother, to go forth and act as gladiators for the amusement of a few ambitious Kings? Have we a gang of hired tax-gatherers to drain the substance of the people? Have we laws for the rich, and stripes for the poor? Is our President an Attila or a Caligula? Is our Senate a council of Ten? Is our House of Representatives a

body of tyrants armed with power to ravish and destroy? Secret usurpations against such wrongs would be justifiable and right, for we are taught the great lesson that "resistance to tyrants is obedience to God." But we do not carry such burdens, and long may it be before the sufferings of our people will render it necessary for them to imitate the example of the trembling subjects of the monarchs of the world.

Nothing since the world began, has presented so grand a spectacle as the emigration of the Old World to the New. Emigration is as old as mankind. It has always flowed from East to West. But emigration in the American sense, was unknown to the ancient and middle ages. The emigrants to this country, came not as conquerors fighting for their native sovereign, or to increase by their labor his finances and revenues, but for the purpose of founding a new home, a new fatherland. I have already referred to the original settlers of Pennsylvania. An equally interesting exodus is that which has taken place from Europe to the United States within the last thirty years; and what a spectacle it presents to the historian! Some of the emigrants have wended their way to the prairies of the Far West, buying from the government with their own money the public lands, in order to wrest a livelihood from the bosom of mother earth. Their labors have enriched not only the cultivator, but the country, and the native-born citizen. Others, again, remained in the great Atlantic cities, where their Herculean energies have been employed in the erection of public

works. Men of genius—orators, artists, scholars—came with this tide of emigration; and, while they have been able to find employment for themselves, they have also vastly contributed to the intellectual stores of our country. A remarkable instance of the public spirit and generosity of foreign-born citizens, may be seen in the fact that the three leading scientific or educational institutions in the United States, were founded by men born in other lands. I allude to the great Astor Library of New York, endowed by the German, John Jacob Astor; the Girard College in Philadelphia, endowed by the Frenchman, Stephen Girard; and the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, endowed by the Englishman, John Smithson. The City of Philadelphia is now controlled by the Secret Order, and is supported in part, by the revenues which flow from the property bequeathed to it by the foreigner Girard. Let me ask how many of the Know Nothing leaders will be just to their own declarations and true to their own oaths, and refuse to use the hard-earned money of this illustrious foreigner? So far from the exhibition of such a readiness, we observe them, at this moment, not only squandering his splendid bequest upon bigots and intolerants, not only using it to degrade adopted citizens like himself, but, with fiendish disregard of the great lessons of liberality taught in his Will, they even proscribe poor female teachers because of their religion, and deprive them of their places in the public schools.

What do these Know Nothings further propose?

They would degrade the emigrant to the low position of an East Indian pariah or a Russian serf, excepting only that he could not be sold. They would doom him to a fate far worse than the hardest despotism of the Old World. There, at least, he would have the consciousness of not suffering alone, as the whole population, and not a part of it, would have no more rights than himself. Here he would be marked out as an inferior, useful only to dig canals and build railroads, to fight like the Helots of old, to act as hewer of wood and drawer of water to those who falsely call themselves superior beings. And not this only. While this is sought to be made the lot of the white adopted citizen—while the laboring classes are appealed to to deny equal privileges to the foreign-born fellow-being of their own race—behold the efforts making in the free States to elevate the negro to the political rights and privileges of the whites!

But let us come to a more practical view of this question of emigration. Our increase in all the departments of national progress has been in the exact ratio of our increase in population. If emigration had been cut off in 1790, our population in 1850 would have been about what it actually was in 1820. Emigration has therefore put us thirty years forward.

It is not a high estimate if we put down the emigration in five years, from 1850 to 1855, at about two and a half millions. Suppose this number brought with them in value, only \$30 per head, which is the very lowest estimate; and they have enriched the country

in the very short space of five years, by an amount equal to \$75,000,000. It is also a very safe calculation to say that these emigrants have paid \$150,000,000 into the Treasury of the United States for public lands. The Revolutions of 1848 gave emigration a vast impulse, and drove masses of men of excellent quality to our shores. Whether we consider the amount of money, principally specie, brought with them; or the amount paid into the treasury for public lands; or the advantages conferred upon the native population by their industry and their skill, we may well hesitate, in alarm and surprise, that any movement looking to the arrest or curtailment of the tide of emigration should for one moment have been encouraged by any portion of the American people. If we look to the new States added to our beloved Union; to the beautiful and prosperous cities, which have sprung up, as if by magic, upon the banks of our great rivers and mighty lakes; and from this point glance at the vast unoccupied and uncultivated domain waiting for the impress of civilization and progress, we shall feel as if the movement of Know Nothingism had been the cunning invention of some enemy of our institutions, instead of, as claimed, the result of a patriotic inspiration.

The most powerful European republic, since the time of the Romans, was the Seven United Provinces of the Netherlands (Holland), in the period from 1440 to 1700. The whole European commerce during that time was in their hands, a small nation numbering

not over three millions. How great their traffic must have been, appears from the annals of Hugo Grotius in 1599, viz., that they generally built every year two thousand vessels, which would give to the United States an annual average of 13,000 to 14,000 vessels! But their commercial and naval grandeur reached its extreme magnitude before the year 1670, after they had beaten the combined fleets of England and France. An English author of the *Lex Mercatoria* (Beames), observes that at this period, "The commerce of Holland, which may be termed universal, reassembles in the United Provinces the infinite number of merchandizes, which it afterwards diffuses in all the rest of Europe."

In 1604, such was the extraordinary progress and extent of the Hollandish trade and fisheries, that the other nations of Europe appeared, if the accounts transmitted to us have any truth, to have been far in arrear. In a manuscript which Sir Walter Raleigh submitted to James I, we find asserted that the Low Countries had, at that time, as many ships and vessels as eleven kingdoms of Christendom, England included. The first and principal cause which he gave for this unexampled prosperity, was that the Hollanders, by the privileges they allowed to strangers, drew multitudes of merchants to live amongst them and thereby enriched themselves. The second cause, he regarded their very *low tariff*.

Let us quote now another historical authority explaining especially the principles which effected such

great results. The best account which we have of the rise and progress, as well as of the decline of this republic, is contained in "*La Richesse de la Hollande*," a work of great authority at the time. It still deserves the reputation it acquired on its publication. In the last volume of the French edition, published in five small volumes at London, in 1778, there is a very remarkable memoir on the state of Holland, which was presented on August 27th, 1751, by William IV, Prince of Orange, to the States-General (parliament). I copy as follows :

"Among the moral and political causes, may be placed the invariable and fundamental maxim of the state, which permits the free exercise of all religions, and to regard toleration in this respect, as the most effectual means of attracting foreigners from adjacent countries, and by that means to augment the population of these provinces.

"The constant policy of the republic, has been to make this country a safe asylum for persecuted and oppressed foreigners. No alliance, no treaty, no regard for any prince, no solicitation of any potentate in the world, has ever been capable of destroying the protection and security accorded those who have sought refuge in this country.

"The persecutions and oppressions that have been exercised in other countries, the firm adherence of the republic, joined to its fundamental maxim, had caused many people to seek for refuge among us, and to bring with them not only their money, and their valuable

effects, but also their industry : they have established many trades, fabrics, manufactories, arts, and sciences, notwithstanding the first materials for the said fabrics and manufactories were almost wholly wanting in it, and only to be procured from other countries.

“The constitution of our form of government, and the civil liberty which it extends, furnish another cause to which the growth of trade and splendor of commerce of the republic may reasonably be attributed. The constitution, the police, and the laws, are such that the life, the estates, and the honors of the citizens do not depend on any arbitrary power ; and that any person who by industry, frugality, and activity has acquired fortune or goods, has no ground to fear that he can be deprived of them by any act of violence, oppression, or injustice.”

Why was this glorious position reserved to Holland ? Because at that time the whole face of the earth, with the single exception of that one spot, was covered with the funereal pall of oppression and bigotry ; and this state of things existed until the sky was illumined with the morning sun of Liberty as it rose upon these shores ! Before its rising all other orbs have paled. The causes which operated in Holland are now at work here on a most stupendous scale ; and in the midst of their magnificent fulfilment, we are called upon to discard the very principles and elements to which, by God’s blessing, we owe our marvellous social and political condition.

Much has been said about the “ Sons of the Sires of

'76." It is one of the many names of the secret party, and it recalls to recollection another society which existed during the Revolution in this State. At first a mere social club, organized for purposes of relaxation and benevolence, it gradually extended its operations until its members rushed forth to avenge the wrongs of a bleeding country. Composed of men of fortune and of education, not only were its energies freely given to the American cause, but its money and its means. Some of its members sought the bosom of the raging deep to meet the invading foe ; some died at their posts in the American army ; others electrified the Colonial Congress with their appeals to the popular feelings ; and others collected the means to feed our troops. What was the name of this useful society, my hearers ? It was not the "Order of the Star Spangled Banner;" it was not the society of "United Americans;" it was not even an organization to "control America by Americans." Start not when I tell you it was called by the euphonious title of the "Friendly Sons of St. Patrick." Truly, also, was it entitled to the appellation of the "Sires of '76;" but whether the sires of those who now claim to be the sons of such sires, I will not stop to discuss. Of these "Sires of '76" a few names may not be inappropriate in these days of exuberant Americanism. Blair McClenachan, an Irishman, who gave \$25,000 to starving American troops,—Sharp Delany, an Irishman, born in the County of Monaghan, who gave \$25,000 for the same purpose ; Commodore John Barry, born in the County

of Wexford, Ireland, who gave his sword to his adopted country and refused the bribe of British power; Robert Morris, an Englishman, who contributed \$50,000 to the American cause; John Dunlap, born in the County of Tyrone, Ireland, the patriotic printer, who published the first daily paper in Philadelphia and served with distinction during the war.

It is remarkable that an Irishman, Charles Thompson, first Secretary of Congress, prepared the Declaration of Independence for publication, from the rough draft of Jefferson; the son of an Irishman, Colonel Nixon, first read and announced it from Independence Hall; and an Irish printer, John Dunlap, first published it to the world. Our own Edward Hand was also a member of the society of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick. General William Irwin, an Irishman, was a member of the society, and fought with gallant distinction for his adopted country. General Knox, born of Irish parents, was enrolled in the same noble society. Mad Anthony Wayne, the Irishman's son, was also one of its prominent and original members.

In that immortal society there were no selfish feelings, no midnight oaths, no feuds of race or creed. Washington himself was early "adopted" as a member, and his illustrious example knitted the members together as with hooks of steel. Irish Protestants and Catholics co-operated like brothers of blood, as well as of country. Take the example of the distinguished Moylan family, of those four Irishmen who belonged to the Sons of St. Patrick, and held high positions in

the confidence of the Father of his country. They fought side by side with their Protestant companions, and never wavered from the first to the last.

These were some of the "Sires of '76." How different from those who, in their infatuated ignorance, would call themselves their sons! Had these sires been worthy of such claimants to their paternity, the cause of the Revolution, which began in the midst of doubt and danger, would have ended in failure and despair.

When, after a sleep of a generation, Rip Van Winkle returned to his native town, nobody knew him, he was so old and so changed. During his absence one government had been superseded by another, and he wandered, it is true, through familiar scenes, but among novel opinions and unknown actors. On my return, after a lapse of ten long years, to this, my native city, I find some singular transformations, but none so marked as the absence of the Anti-Masonic party. Many of the leaders survive, but the organization itself is broken and its principles disavowed. There is an evident desire that its very memory shall be "deep in the bosom of the ocean buried." But the ghost will not down. It stalks in complete armor among us, demanding retribution on the murderers of Morgan. Still do we see the dark prison threatening the believers in the mystic tie. Still do we hear the angry eloquence of a Sprole and a Shunk, a Wolf and a Chandler, protesting against the harsh judgment of a legislative Star Chamber, headed by that

great reformer who swore eternal warfare against all secret societies. The shouts of victorious Anti-Masonic majorities, resounding through twenty years and more, have not yet died away, before nearly the whole Anti-Masonic organization has embosomed its hopes in a secret political and proscriptive party; a party that numbers among its victims some of the most eminent of our public men; a party that exists by means of oaths and penalties; a party whose pathway has been crimsoned with human blood. Here, on the field of Anti-Masonic domination, the dark banner of religious intolerance and political inequality is raised, and surrounded by throngs of voters who only yesterday could find no word too strong to express their abhorrence of secret societies. And as if to crown this act of brazen inconsistency, we hear the followers of these societies, the foes of Masonry a few years ago, openly justifying their course by comparing their organization with the ancient and honorable fraternity of Masons! Could delusion and deceit any further go? It is a vain and hopeless task, however, to attempt to reconcile the existence of Christian proscription with that of the fraternity of Masons. The latter is purely and exclusively benevolent. It gathers under its ægis men of every race and clime, and enforces the holy obligations of friendship in every part of the civilized world. But where are the trophies of Know Nothing benevolence and charity? Where are the widows and orphans it has relieved from misery and want? Shall we go to the

expelled families of Louisville? To the Hagars driven with curses into the wilderness with their proscribed children? to the Rachels who mourn and will not be comforted?

Is it wonderful that there should be an uprising of all patriotic men against such a party? Is it wonderful that thousands of those who have been deceived, should, in all parts of the Union, have broken the bonds and fled from its secret oaths and public wrongs, as from a temple filled with pestilential vapors? In such a crisis as this, while the old Democratic party stands firm and undaunted, while it defies the shock of united and infuriated fanaticisms, many of the most distinguished members of heretofore antagonistic organizations, indignantly refuse to yield to the demands of recreant leaders. Here, in this noble old county, I could point to many eminent instances; but it cannot be disagreeable to our old opponents, the Whigs, to name such men as the grandson and great-grandson of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, Maryland; as Joseph R. Chandler, of Pennsylvania; as George Evans, of Maine; as the son of Henry Clay, of Kentucky; as the son of Daniel Webster, of Massachusetts; and many other Whigs no less renowned, who now approve and assist the Democratic party in its present warfare upon Proscription and Intolerance.

Nor has this aroused sentiment of our countrymen, any nobler or more uncompromising representative than President Pierce. From the first he has made

no terms with it. Having tried for years, and in vain, to extirpate the poisonous feature of Proscription from the Constitution of his own State, he has been prompt to discard all who conceived intolerance to be a part of Democratic duty, and to repudiate all attacks upon covenanted and constitutional rights, alike of individuals and of states. Imbibing his principles at the very sources of the Constitution, and in a life of fifty years having never wavered from the standard truths of that inestimable bulwark of our liberty, he will be in the future what he has been in the past, an upright and a disinterested patriot.

Finally, and in conclusion, the duty of vindicating our country against the shame of sympathizing with proscription, has excited apprehensions in some quarters, lest *true* American feeling may be impaired by the general and indignant repudiation of that false sentiment which calls itself "American ;" and others again, are fearful lest we have given undue advantage to a beleagured sect, by defending it from its enemies. No man could more profoundly respect genuine Protestantism than I do. I am not blind nor deaf to the triumphs and the glory of the great ideas enunciated and advanced to such dazzling and world-wide success by the Protestant Church. But, my countrymen, we do not live here, our fathers were not directed hither, to cultivate a faith, or strengthen a principle, common only to one corner of the earth, and adapted only to one condition of human progress. This, by God's blessing, is but a portion of the theatre upon which the drama of man's redemption is to be carried

out. Wherever the seeds of Democratic doctrine have fallen, whether on the vine-clad hills of France, the green vales of Ireland, or in the wild fastnesses of Scotland; whether by the banks of the Amazon or in the distant scenes of Asiatic despotism; whether they descend on the islands of the sea or amid the palaces which still remind us of the departed glories of Rome,—there we shall find our brothers,—there, in the course of time, shall we find Americans in heart if not in name. “Confidence,” said Chatham, “is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom;” but sympathy to a young people like ours, a people always in arms against the oppressors of mankind,—a people, bearing aloft the unsullied banner of Religious Liberty, Political Equality, and Human Capacity for Self-Government—sympathy to such a people is the very breath of its vitals, and the very sinews of its power. The hopes and the prayers of the suffering masses of Europe, are as essential to us as our example is to them. And when we shall establish that fatal quarantine in our waters, beyond which no foreigner shall pass until he is doomed as an inferior and an outcast from civil rights; when we shall close our constitution against all but those who have first seen the light in this hemisphere; it is a question that I leave to casuists and to philosophers, which shall suffer most—we, behind the Chinese barrier we have voluntarily thrown around ourselves, or those who will pine in the chains of the tyrants of the old world, for the fair fields and equal laws of the land of the free and the home of the brave?

